

THE CLARKE COURIER.

VOL. XXXI.

BERRYVILLE, VA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1899.

No. 25.

THE WORLD OF THE HEART.

Such a big, big world with its moving life! Such a big, big world with its care and strife! Thousands passing us every day! To whom we never say one word; yet Heart throbs sounding almost in our ears, Eyes raised to ours that are sufficed with tears!

The flag of crime in the dark unfurled In this, the big, big world.

Such a small, small world of which we are part! Such a small, small world, the world of the heart!

For after all has been done and said, Pages written and sermons read, The world resolves itself into this— A woman's smile, a lover's kiss. And those two souls in true union wrought Give to its brightness no passing thought. Little they care for the sinning throng, Crosses never will in their world belong. They hear the sob and note the sigh, And crime and starvation alike deny. Yet the tiniest planet in infinite space Would to them be equally as great a place. Love, the magician, has changed it all, And to them always the world seems small.

—Philadelphia Times.

TWO STAY AT HOMES.

"If wantin to was doin an there weren't no weemen, I'd a ben, in Sandygo long ago," said Abner Rickaback. He rolled a nail keg close to the stove, seated himself upon it, dipped a handful of crushed tobacco leaves from his coat pocket into his pipe and lighted the odorous weed with a sulphur match. Then he wagged his head at the assembled company and repeated, "Yes, I'd ben in Sandygo long ago."

"Weemen ain't much on fightin away from home," observed Samuel Snuffer, biting a cubic inch out of plug of Agriculturalist's Charm which he had borrowed from the man who was sitting next him on the counter. The charm had passed half way around the circle, and the remaining cubic inch of it had been restored to its owner, when Abner, not catching the full intent of Mr. Snuffer's remark, replied: "Yaas; they's a heap o' truth in that there. Weemen is so ag'in furin wars. Leastways my weemen is. Now—"

"Do they prefer the domestic kind?" asked the drummer of notions, who was packing up his sample case preparatory to leaving the store.

"Not at all—not at all," said Mr. Rickaback. "Ye see, my missus passed soch terrible times back in 1860, when I was a hangin' away at the rebels down in the Wilderness, that when this here Spanish war broke out she said to me, 'sais she, 'Ye just shan't go.'"

"Marthy," said I, "I'm a veteran. The governor of Pennsylvania has call for 10,000 men, an he don't name me, but he means me jest the same. Be every mortal an jest right, I bein a wet-cran an included in that 10,000."

"With that I puts on me blues an gets down me musket an kisses the little ones all aroun an starts for the door. Well, sir, you may never seen such a time ez was raised when they see I was off to fight the Spaniards. Mary Alice, the eldest, jest th'owed her arms aroun my neck an bust out with tears. The seven others begin to bawl, 'Pap, pap, you'll get shooted!'

"Children," I sais, sais I, 'your papa's a veteran an a experienced soldier. Duty calls, an he obeys.'

"The missus didn't see things that way. She jest gets me by the collar an sets me down in an armchair, draws me boots, walks off with them an me musket an hides 'em. She weren't goin to have no foolin round the shanty, she said."

"Marthy seemed to think that thet thet settl'd it, but she didn't know me, for all the evenin ez I set there be the fire so meeklike I was thinkin. Scenes wasn't to my likin, so I concluded I'd jest let on like I bed give up all idee o' fightin Spaniards, wait till the family was asleep an then vanquish."

"At midnight I sets up in bed. The moon was shinin throo the window, jest half lightin the room, so I could move aroun without trippin over the furniture. The missus was a-snozin gentlelike, an overheard in the attic I could hear a soft snuffin jest like a thrasher engine when the men has shed down for dinner. It was the children asleep. I climbs out over the footboard an looks aroun for me boots. There they was, knockin out under the missus' pillow. Knowin I couldn't get 'em without wakin her, I was one thing ag'in this, and that was thet the door was locked an some un bed took the key. I tried the window, but thet bed been mailed shot. Then I gits mad—that thet kind o' quietlike mad when ye boils up inside an hes to kep yer mouth shut. It's the meenest kind o' mad too. It seemed like there was a smile a-playin aroun the missus' face, an thet made me soun'er an ever an kinder spurred me on."

"Well, sirs, ez I stood there in the middle o' the room thinkin what I'd do next and wonderin whether I hadn't better jest slip back to bed, me eye ketcht sight o' an old conf' table that filled a hole in the wall where thet dandin bed feet on from atween thet lawgs. Thet put me in mind o' thet thet I wasn't long in kerryin out, for the hole was pretty good sized an I'm a small man an wiry. In less'n no time the conf' table was out'er thet hole, an I was in it. I staid in it, too, for jest as me head an arms an shoulders got out o' doors I felt a sharp prickin in me side. I pushed back an a great big splinter jugged me. I tried to go on for'a'd, an it jugged me again, so bad I wasn't yelled. So I staid right there—one-half outen the house an the other half in. Seemed like time begin to move awful slow then, an it peared a whole day fore the moon went from the top o' the old lone pine tree in granddaddy's chestnut, which is jest 20 feet. Then me feet an legs was bakin over the stove an the cold April winds was a whistlin down me neck."

"I took to countin jest to pass time, an I low I must a counted 15,000,000

efore I heard footsteps up the road. A man come outen the woods an inter the moonlit clearin, where I could see he was ole Hen Bingle. I whistled agin an called softlike to him. He sneaked up to the gate an looked agin.

"Hen, help," I whispers.

"Who is you a-growin outen the side o' Ab Rickaback's shanty?" he calls, kinder hoarse and scared. With that he puts a musket at me werry throat-enin.

"Hen Bingle," said I, "Don't you dat shoot! It's me, Ab Rickaback, an I want you to pull me out. I'm goin to war."

"Then it dawned on him what I was up to, an he come over an looks at me. I seen he hed on his blues, too, an I knowed ez he hed given his woman the sneak an was off to fight Spaniards. He wanted to laugh, but I told him it were no time for sech foolin, but jest to break off that splinter an pull me loose."

"Now, Hen's an obligin, patriotic kind o' a feller, an thet, as he said, he hadn't much time to waste, ez his woman was likely to wake up any minute an find him gone, he reached up an broke off the splinter. But I fit the hole so tight I couldn't budge, an he said he'd pull me out. So he gits upon the wall o' the well which was jest low me an grabs me by both hands, when he kicked out wildlike an hung to me like a ton o' hay an gasped an groaned. I thought thet yank hed disj'nted me all over, an yells, 'Get go!'

"Don't you dist let go!" he sais, lookin up at me kind o' agonizin.

"Then I see that neither me nor Hen Bingle was ever goin to fight Spaniards, fer he'd stepped off the wall an was hangin down into the well."

"Splinters! Why, I'd rather hed a splinter stickin in every inch o' my body an ole Hen Bingle's 200 pounds a-drawin me from my natural height o' 5 feet 6 in'er a nun o' 6 feet 5. Thet's what it seemed like. Hen, he asts how deep me well was, an when I said 40 feet, with 15 feet o' water at the bottom, he said he'd never speak to me ag'in if I let go my hold on him. I said I guesst he wouldn't, an he let out a whoop thet brought the missus an the little ones a-tumblin outen the house."

"Marthy staid at us a minute. Then she sais, 'Abner, where was you a-goin?'

"To fight Spaniards," sais I, sheep ishlike.

"An you, Hen Bingle?" she asts.

"Same," gasps Hen.

"Does your wife know yer erent?" sais the missus, stern as a judge.

"No," sais Hen.

"Then I've a mind to go over to your place an git her," sais Marthy.

"It's two miles," Hen groaned, 'an I'll be drownd ag'in you git back. Lemme up now, an I'll go home an stay there."

"Marthy turns around quietlike, walks inter the house an comes out with the family Bible.

"Hen Bingle," she sais, solemnlike, holdin the book to his mouth, "does you promise to tell the whole truth an nothin but the truth an not to go to war?'

"Hen didn't waste no time in kissin that book so loud I could hear an echo of it over along the ridge. I kissed it pretty loud meeself, to be sure. The missus lifted Hen outen the well, an he slipped off home. His woman never knowed nawthin about the trouble till she met my missus two weeks later at protracted meeting over to Pine Swamp church. Ez fer me, but fer a splinter I'd be in Sandygo now."—St. Louis Republic.

"Our baby was sick for a month with severe cough and catarrhal fever. Although we tried many remedies she kept getting worse until we used One Minute Cough Cure—it relieved at once and cured her in a few days."—B. L. Nance, Prin. High School, Bluffdale, Tex. W. Richardson.

Woman and Perversity.
Women and perversity are one, says the philosophic street car conductor, who asserts that she always does the wrong thing in traveling on the trains. She wants to get aboard on the wrong side of the street; she alights the wrong way, facing backward, before the car stops, and she'll crowd in between two fat passengers near the rear door of the car rather than walk a few steps forward where there is plenty of room. She may have nickels and dimes to her, but she'll burn, but she'll burn and hunt around for minutes looking for five coppers to unload upon the long suffering servant of the road.—Exchange.

The Land of Horseshoes.
Horseshoes are an important branch of industry in Norway. About 6,000 tons are exported every year. Great Britain and France, where horseshoes are used not only for horses, but also for donkeys and oxen employed as beasts of burden, divide almost the whole Norwegian exportation between them in about equal quantities.

The One Day Cold Cure.
For cold in the head and sore throat, see "One Minute Cough Cure." For cold in the head and sore throat, see "One Minute Cough Cure."

W. Richardson.
The oldest loaf in existence is in the British museum. It is supposed that it was leavened and baked about the year 560 B. C. In shape it resembles a penny bun and is in perfect condition.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure thoroughly digests food without aid from the stomach, and the car rather than walk a few steps forward where there is plenty of room. She may have nickels and dimes to her, but she'll burn, but she'll burn and hunt around for minutes looking for five coppers to unload upon the long suffering servant of the road.—Exchange.

A Willing Slave.
A pretty saying of an army officer is reported by an exchange. He married in 1865 the daughter of a man whose whole heart was in the cause of the southern negroes. The marriage has been a very happy one. "Were you so much interested in the slavery question when I knew you?" asked a college friend, who had not seen the officer for 30 years.

"Yes, but I didn't talk much about it," was the reply. "But after I met my wife's father I became a strong abolitionist, and very soon after I met her I became a slave!"—Detroit Free Press.

He Differed From Her.
She—I see that some doctors have decided that paralysis is a consequence of overuse of the parts affected.

He—I don't see how you can have any faith in that connection, my dear, when you know you are free from paralysis of the tongue.—Boston Courier.

In ancient times and among inland peoples the possession of a salt spring was regarded as a special gift of the gods. The Chonians in Epirus had one which flowed into a stream where there were no fish, and the legend was that Heracles had allowed their forefathers to have salt instead of fish.

The income tax in India is levied on all incomes of £33 and upward, and then only one man in 700 comes within its scope.

CHARLIE'S INFAMY.

The Brute's Appalling Cruelty to His Thoughtless Bride.

There is a certain Chicago bride who recently decided that her husband was an unfeeling brute and went home to mother for a peculiar and unusual reason. The mother was awakened last week by a sound of sobbing and weeping outside her own sleeping room door. Her horror and astonishment at discovering her only daughter in the depths of apparent desolation and despair can well be imagined.

"Charlie was cruel to me," wailed the bride of a month or thereabouts mournfully. "and so I came home."

"But what did Charlie do—the wretch?" inquired the mother, ready to blame the husband on general principles. To the question, however, the bride returned no answer save bitter weeping. Then the mother feeling that the case was beyond her, administered a nerve restorative and awoke the bride's father.

"Now, my child," began this individual, speaking with the authority of one who had settled all her difficulties from the time she could walk. "tell me immediately what that wretch of a husband of yours has done and he shall suffer for it whatever it is."

The bride's ardent cooled perceptibly. Her voice was almost steady as she began her story.

"Well," she commenced bitterly, her eyes flashing at the remembrance of her wrongs. "Charlie was out very late last night, and I thought I'd get up and—and—say something to him—when he came home. I had thought that so long as Charlie was going to be so late home I'd—I'd fix up my complexion a little. So when Charlie got into bed in the spare room, I just forgot everything but him and went in there. And—and—bitter sobbing again—'I forgot all about the beauty mask I had on and went right in with it upon me. And'—the afterthoughts of tears had drowned her words at this point—'Charlie must have thought I was a ghost, and he threw a pillow at me.'—Chicago Inter Ocean.

FIGURES WITH FINGERS.

Origin of the Roman Numeral Method of Counting.

Hold your hands up before you, palms outward, thumbs at an acute angle. Begin on the left. Little finger I; little finger and ring finger II; little finger, ring finger and middle finger III; all the fingers of the left hand IV; the hand and thumb at an acute angle form V. In place of the III you may use the fourth finger from the left, still holding the thumb at an acute angle, and you have IV.

Now pass to the right hand. Holding the thumb and the hand at the same angle as before we have VI; by using the index and the middle finger we get VII, while the thumb and the three large fingers make VIII.

Now join the two V's made by the thumbs, inverting one, and we have X, or 10. Then use the X with the little finger before it and it will give IX. The combinations following X are obvious. The forefinger of the left hand, with the thumb at right angles, makes a perfect L; the little finger of the left hand curved toward the thumb makes C, the initial of centum (100), and so on with the hundreds. Now join the two thumbs with the forefingers, or the two V's inverted, and you have the hieroglyphics complete.—Philadelphia Times.

His Hair Turned Black.
There have been several instances of a man's hair turning from white to black. One of the most notable perhaps was that of an engineer in the fire department of Louisville. His age was 65, and he was on duty during a tremendous fire for 15 consecutive hours. The spray was constantly flying from the hose, and he became, in consequence of the lowness of temperature of the atmosphere, covered from head to foot with ice. He wore a skullcap and a helmet on the top of that, so that his head was the warmest part of his body and not at all exposed, though his eyebrows and whiskers became wet and were frozen stiff. The afternoon after the exposure his hair, which had been come gray eight years before and had for three years been white, turned perfectly black.—Louisville Post.

Warring and Notlike.
A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men, and a flash of humor is doubly valued from the serious minded.

A few days after the late Colonel George Waring's appointment as commissioner of street cleaning night fell with a presage of snow. Toward 3 in the morning the storm broke violently, and a gleaming mantle soon covered the streets. The gallant colonel rose, arrayed himself in his long military cloak, pulled his visored cap down low and set forth to inspect the first work of his trusty lieutenants, the latter exclaimed, "Oh, colonel, as your soldierly figure came on through the storm, you reminded me of Moltke inspecting his lines on the morning of Sedan."

"Yes," replied the colonel gravely. "He was another Waring."—Harper's Round Table.

One of Those Embarrassing Questions.
"If I ever marry, it shall be to a woman of fine intellect."

"Huh! Wouldn't you rather have a wife who thought you a great man?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Irritating stings, bites, scratches, wounds and cuts soothed and healed by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve.—a sure and safe application for tortured flesh. Beware of counterfeits. W. Richardson.

FOOLED THE CATAMOUNT.

And the Ugly Beast Plainly Showed That His Feelings Were Hurt.

"People who imagine that animals haven't got feelings don't know what they are talking about," said the Yellowstone Park guide as he sat cleaning his rifle. "I was cutting a trail around one of the spruce spruces one day, and, getting warmed up, I threw my coat over the end of a log. By and by I went off to hunt for a drink of water, and it was perhaps half an hour before I returned to my work."

"When I came up, I was to see a whalin big mountain lion creepin along to spring on the coat. It was over the log in a way to make it look like a man stoopin down, and the lion was nicely deceived. He skunked up to within 18 feet of the log, crouched flat for a moment and laid back his ears, and then he made two jumps of it. Grouched lightning wasn't in it with that critter. It was like a big ball of fire shot from a cannon, and as he flew he uttered a screech which brought my hair on end. If that coat had been a man he would not have had time to say gun. The lion lit down on it with claws and teeth ready for business, and in five seconds the garment was cut into carpet rags."

"Then he realized the cheat, and you never saw a human ben look so foolish. His tail went down to the earth, the fire died out of his eyes and he'd have given \$40 for some one to kick him up hill. His chin was so plain that I laughed right out, and that broke his heart. He looked at me and whimpered like a puppy, and when I asked if his mother knew he was out he fetched a sort of sob in his throat and sneaked off like a dog caught killin sheep. If I could have run fast enough to have caught him by the tail he would have even looked back. He knew he had made a fool of himself, and he wanted to go off and hide and have a long think."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

"DeWitt's Little Early Risers did me more good than all blood medicines and other pills," writes Geo. H. Jacobs, of Thompson, Conn. Prompt, pleasant, never gripe—they cure constipation, arouse the torpid liver to action and give you clean blood, steady nerves, a clear brain and a healthy appetite. W. Richardson.

A Free Translation.
A certain family built a sensible cottage and painted Sans Souci on the gate. Soon afterward a tall, lank young fellow stopped in passing and scrutinized the name carefully.

The people in the house wondered what could be the trouble, but when he repeated the examination the next day and the next they wondered still more. Finally he went by when one of the children was working in the garden.

"Hello!" said the youth.

"Hello!"

"Nice place you've got here!"

"Yes, we think so."

"What do you call it?"

"Sans Souci."

"Well, what does that mean?"

"Oh, 'without care.'"

"Well," said the youth after some deliberation, "I'm blest if I can see how you make that out. I've studied French some myself, with the grammar and the dictionary, and I can't translate it to make any sense. Now, there's sans—that's without; sou—that's a part of a cent; ci—that means here."

"Oh, well, your translation isn't so far off!" said the son of the house. "Not a cent here!"—Kansas City Star.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure cures dyspepsia because its ingredients are such that it can't help doing so. "The public can rely upon it as a master remedy for all disorders arising from imperfect digestion."—James M. Thomas, M. D., in American Journal of Health, N. Y., W. Richardson.

Instinct and Death.
During my 14 years of hermit life I have run across many incidents that prove that wild animals comprehend the meaning of death. Two years ago I found the nest of a "wild" domestic cat in an old stone wall. There were three live kittens and one dead. I left the dead kitten as an experiment. Whenever I had found a nest before this, a visit a few hours later would find the nest deserted, the kittens removed to some secret spot. When I again visited the nest I question it was deserted save for the dead kitten. If that cat had no conception of death she would have placed the dead kitten beyond my reach, and for the same reason that caused her to remove the live kittens.—Forest and Stream.

The Highest Windmill.
The highest windmill in England is the "High Mill" at Great Yarmouth. It is believed also to be the highest in the world. Built in 1812, at a total cost of \$50,000, its height in brick is 100 feet, and the wooden cage on the summit further increases this another ten feet. In a high wind the mill works at 30 horsepower and is capable of grinding nine comb of wheat an hour or crushing ten comb of oats an hour.

His Side of It.
"Where," asked the female suffrage orator, "would a man be today were it not for woman?"

She paused a moment and looked around the hall. "I repeat," she said, "where would man be today were it not for woman?"

"He'd be in the garden of Eden eating strawberries," answered a voice from the gallery.—Chicago News.

From a Tough Bird.
"The pillows in this boarding house are the hardest I ever struck," complained the new boarder at the breakfast table. "I wonder what they are made of?"

"Perhaps," said the star boarder, "of feathers from a tailor's goose."

A truly good and great man is one who can handle a hot lamp chimney and repeat the decalogue at the same time.—Kansas City Star.

Relieve very little what others say, and watch yourself closely.—Atchison Globe.

The Leading
SHOE STORE
In Winchester
Is
THE STAR
SHOE HOUSE.

Our Line is Complete in Men's Ladies', and Children's Shoes and Oxfords.

ALL LASTS. ALL PRICES.

All Guaranteed to Wear Well.

MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF SHOES IN THE VALLEY.

S. ROSENMEYER.

L. E. Ricamore

Is receiving at all times the best

BOOKS and STATIONERY

and will furnish persons wishing to order the same any MAGAZINE they want at publishers prices by the year. Give us a call and let us serve you.

Our stock is large and varied, and comprises

MISCELLANEOUS, PRIVATE AND

PUBLIC SCHOOL BOOKS.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS.

POCKET BOOKS.

STATIONERY AND

OFFICE SUPPLIES

In every style from the highest to the cheapest, the assortment being complete so as to meet every one's wants. Also,

Wall Paper

In all shades and styles, &c., &c.

Our Spring Millinery

—AND OUR SPRING STOCK OF—

Ladies' Furnishing Goods

is now open, and consists of

LADIES' AND MISSES VESTS,

COMBINATION SUITS,

CHEMISE, GLOVES, HOSIERY,

A NICE LINE OF CORSETS,

and in fact everything in this line for

LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDREN.

Sole Agent for the Celebrated F. C. CO.'S CORSET.

Give us a call.

L. E. RICAMORE.

Sibert & Denny,

JEWELERS.

Winchester, - - - Va.

We desire to say to the people of Clarke that we are not candidates for their trade, and that any favors they may show us in this line will be fully appreciated. We have in stock a large